

—THE—
Lexington Intelligencer

A. W. ALLEN, Editor and Publisher.

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All communications to go into print in THE INTELLIGENCER must be signed.

The Grand Prize for Stupidity.

From the St. Louis Republic.
If a grand prize were offered for the stupidest political proposal ever made to the "eternal gullible," it would go, without fail, to the Republican leader who is chiefly responsible for the campaign to induce men to "vote for prosperity" by voting for a protective tariff.

The only thing a protective tariff can do is to keep foreign products out of the United States. This is what these fanatics want to do. And our bankers and financiers are just now at their wits' end to devise means to keep prices up and business normal in the United States, in view of the fact that while the foreign demand for American products is greater than ever, foreign surplus production has so far fallen off on account of the war that the foreigner has nothing to send us in return, and is compelled either to pay us out of his constantly decreasing hoard of cash, or get us to give him credit. That \$500,000,000 Anglo-French war loan which we have had so much trouble to raise is simply extending credit for \$500,000,000 to England and France, when under normal circumstances, they would have sent us goods to that amount to pay for what we send them. We are confronted with the most serious international trade crisis in our history, and it is a crisis arising solely out of the fact that the foreigner cannot furnish, and we cannot get, the amount of foreign goods necessary to normal and natural trade.

To propose to cure business disorganization which has arisen from such a cause by imposing a protective tariff and still further reducing the amount of foreign shipments to this country is like proposing to cure suffocation by a tight band around the throat.

To-day, with American bankers, merchants, manufacturers and statesmen racking their brains to prevent irreparable harm to our commerce and industry through the collapse of values which threatens because our customers overseas haven't anything to trade us for what they want, a set of political leaders who propose to lead us "back

to prosperity" by making it still harder for foreign goods to be sent to us to pay what the moneyless foreigners owes us ought to be examined for softening of the brain.

The Lexington Historical Society is in receipt of some interesting papers given by Frank Bowman. Among these papers is the minutes of a meeting held in Lexington in 1861, just after South Carolina seceded from the Union. The meeting was addressed by Sam'l. L. Sawyer, T. T. Crittenden, W. S. Fields, Henry Neill and S. I. Sharp. The resolutions adopted are interesting in the light of subsequent events. The public ought to get the habit of turning over such papers to the Historical Society. They may be valuable some day.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

Mrs. L. W. Page returned Wednesday after a visit here with her son, Bulah Page.

Your coal goes a long way when burned in Cole's Hot Blast Heaters. They are fuel savers.

Central College.

The second concert of the faculty series of the Central College Conservatory of Music will be given in Murrell Auditorium Monday night, October 25. The public is cordially invited.

Miss Kate Riley and little sister, Miss Rosa, and Miss Jewel Hudgens spent Sunday at Wellington.

**YOU SPEND MONEY
to have your clothes
cleaned, pressed and repaired
WHY NOT SPEND
it with us
and let us convince you that our
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THE HAM SLICER

By FRANK FILSON.

If anybody had told Jimmy Byrne five weeks before that on a certain day in summer he would be lying in a French trench among the men of the Foreign legion and aiming his rifle at the periscope of a German sergeant, he would have laughed. Yet such had happened. Caught in France on the outbreak of the war, while on his way home after a year's tour on his wealthy father's money, he had simply gone to see the fun. He thought it would be a matter of a month or two. So did many then.

The mail from home had been first angry and pleading, then resigned. His father, whose big house on Fifth avenue seemed strangely empty, tried to get Jimmy out through the American ambassador. But Jimmy was obdurate; he liked his taste of war.

"If you could only be here," his sister Mary had written. "Katz, the delicatessen man, who hurried off to Germany when war was declared, has inherited ten thousand dollars, and his wife is frantic about him. The flowers are prettier than ever this year. Our new automobile is a dandy. . . ."

"What's that?" asked Jimmy, as his neighbor, interrupting his reading, whispered something. He was a gigantic Turk named Crusoe, a sample of the miscellaneous population of that dardanelle brigade, the Foreign legion. "Going to have a hit at the Boches?"

The Turk nodded. "In half an hour," he said. "Orders are to have bayonets fixed and a hundred rounds extra in our belts. See! There's our artillery starts!"

It was Jimmy's first chance of seeing anything but trench service. Instantly the letter was thrust into his pocket and forgotten. He moistened his lips; he felt a strange exultation, mixed with—not exactly fear, but something that made his flesh insensitive and his hands clammy.

The artillery had opened a deafening attack. The shells, whistling overhead without cessation, filled the air with sound. Lines of smoke rose from the German trenches. It seemed



Instantly an inferno of fire was opened upon the advancing legion

as if the whole face of the earth was being blown away.

"Now, boys!" came down the line. Jimmy waited. The whistle sounded, and instantly he was upon his feet and running like mud against the enemy.

A line of men, extending as far as the eye could reach, hurled themselves upon the devastated rifle pits. At first, while their own shells continued to shriek over them, they seemed unopposed. Then, when they were within a hundred yards, the shelling ceased.

Instantly an inferno of fire was opened upon the advancing legion. Men dropped by scores. To take the hostile lines was futile. The high shell explosives had failed to shake the morale of the German forces, though it had knocked their intrenchments about their ears.

They would not retreat—it is not the tradition of the Foreign legion to retire. But, riddled and confused, the whole line doubled upon itself and dissolved into little groups and clusters. It edged sideways along the German front and sought the shelter of one or two undamaged houses that had escaped the hostile artillery.

From among these a hundred Germans leaped forward to meet the approaching legionaries. A hand-to-hand fight followed. Jimmy found himself engaged with a huge fellow, wearing a tattered helmet whose spike emerged through its khaki covering. The fellow disappeared suddenly, and he found himself jabbing viciously at the air.

Suddenly a shot was fired at him from an old barn. It grazed his cheek, and Jimmy rushed into the barn.

It was half full of moldy hay. A German was upon the other side of the central mass. Round and round the hay they dodged. Jimmy after the German, then the German after Jimmy, each trying to get a point of vantage from which to shoot down the other. Panting, exhausted, they halted, one on either side of the haystack. Jimmy waited. Presently he saw the rifle barrel of the German begin to protrude through a loose part of the stack.

Quietly he dodged, and the discharge of the powder blackened his tunic as the bullet sped across the barn and buried itself in the opposite wall.

With a yell, the German sprang round the stack. Jimmy was waiting for that. He let his clubbed rifle fall. The German started back, but it struck him on the foot, and he howled with pain as he retired into the obscurity the other side of the hay.

They waited. Night was already falling, the sounds of the fighting became less audible. It was quite dark inside the barn. Jimmy listened as a cat listens for a mouse. Suddenly the German called from behind the hay: "Kamerad! Pardon! Surrender to me and you shall not be harmed. You see, my friend, we shall wait here all night unless you surrender."

"That's all very well," answered Jimmy, "but suppose you surrender to me."

"We are not allowed to surrender," answered the German plaintively. "You had better surrender. Think it over! I will wait ten minutes!"

Jimmy could see the tip of the German's bayonet. It was moving, not up and down, but backward and forward in a manner which seemed somehow familiar to Jimmy. The movements were unconscious, and it was evident that the fellow was laboring under strong emotion.

He spoke again. "Suppose we both come out into the open," he said. "I shall count a hundred. While I am counting you will turn your back and walk away. When I have finished counting a hundred I will call, and we will both fire."

"Nothing doing," said Jimmy. The German uttered an oath and leaped from behind the haystack. Jimmy was just in time to parry the leveled blade. He struck it up and drew back for a lunge. Then he looked into his opponent's face, and the recognition was mutual.

"Katz! The delicatessen man!" he cried.

"Jimmy Penderby!" cried Katz. "Gosh! What are you doing here, Mr. Penderby?"

"Oh, just looking round," said Jimmy. "Say, I knew it was you, Katz, from the way you used that bayonet. Are you going to surrender?"

"I daren't," said Katz. "My wife said I must bring back an iron cross."

"Your wife is crazy because you've inherited ten thousand dollars," said Jimmy, "and—"

"What?" yelled Katz. "It must be my uncle Simon. I never thought he'd last out the year. Mr. Penderby, take me to your camp, and hurry! Hurry, and don't let any of those shells hit me before I see the color of it."

Safe in the camp of the legionaries, Katz recovered all his animation.

"Mr. Penderby," he implored, "you didn't tell me how you knew it was me behind the hay. By my bayonet, you know."

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy. "I suppose a man gets the tricks of his trade. Katz. You see, a bayonet isn't for using like a ham-slicing machine." (Copyright, 1918, by W. G. Chapin.)

LIFEBOT MADE OF PAPER

Invention of Japanese That Should Be of Great Value in the Event of Shipwreck.

A paper lifeboat that can be packed away in the space of about one cubic foot, but that, when inflated, is seaworthy and durable, is the invention of a retired admiral of the Japanese navy, says Tit-Bits.

The boat is constructed from the Japanese paper called hasikirau, which is treated chemically to make it waterproof. The paper comes from the mulberry tree. It is unusually durable and possesses great strength when the stresses are in the direction of the fiber.

A thin sheet of paper that is strong when stressed in any direction is made by pasting together two sheets with the fibers crossing at right angles. The first boat that the admiral made was merely a kind of large pillow with a depression in the center, the whole being inflated with air. Because of the ease with which paper can be punctured, it was necessary to change the method of construction, so several pipe-like bags were made and placed side by side in the form of a raft, and that raft finally modified to a craft something like a boat in shape. The result is a life-saving craft almost immune to wreck, for even if one or two of the pipes are punctured or broken, the boat is still buoyant enough to be seaworthy.

Owing to its strength and lightness, and its waterproof qualities, the hasikirau paper is evidently adapted to a wide range of uses, among which are the making of coverings for aeroplane wings and for dirigible balloons.—Youth's Companion.

Wasps and Ventilation.
An English gentleman lately took a small wasp's nest, about the size of an apple, and, after studying its inmates, placed it in a large cage inside of his house, leaving an opening for egress through the wall, according to an exchange. Here the nest was enlarged to a foot in diameter, holding thousands of wasps. He was able now to watch their movements, and he noted one new fact—namely, their systematic attention to ventilation.

In hot weather from four to six wasps were continually stationed at the place of egress, and while leaving space for entrance or exit, they created a steady current of fresh air by the exceedingly rapid motion of their wings. After a long course of this vigorous exercise, the ventilators were relieved by other wasps. During cool weather only two wasps at a time were usually thus engaged.

Nicholas Haerle went to Se-dalia Tuesday morning to attend a meeting of the Oldest German Settlers of the Country.

Mrs. S. Sellers, Jr., went to Kansas City Monday, where she attended a meeting of the Kansas City Musical Club.

An appreciation of the wonderful out-of-town business we have enjoyed thus far in October deserves expression.

Never before has business been so good, and out-of-town patrons so loyal.

We are glad of the opportunity to refund to the people of Lexington five (5%) percent of their purchases at Jones' up to the amount of their round-trip railroad fare to Kansas City, at any time they come.

Come any time that it is convenient for you—buy the same bargains that the city people get and let us refund your entire round-trip railroad fare to Kansas City.

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All-over Embroidered Nets, Black All-over Laces, Black La Tosca Net, Black Lace Flouncing, etc. With our superb stock and other good stocks in town to select from, and up-to-date dress-makers and a first class sewing school to aid you, you cannot make a mistake by buying here. Investigate. Come and let us show you.

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